THE

ANNEXATIONIST AGITATION,

OR

THE SAYINGS AND DOINGS

OF THE

Public Notoriety Club

AS WITNESSED BY

A CANADIAN SPECTATOR.

EDITED BY "PAUL FORD."

MONTREAL.

FOR SALE AT THE BOOKSTORES.

1880
(14)

Dramatis Personæ.

Rev. Cacoethes Scribendi Jay—A gentleman with a terrible expression in his "I."

R. Mak'Faster—A gentleman who believes in freedom of speech and plenty of it.

Monsieur Zero,—Editor of *Le Canard de la Liberte* and our future President.

Mr. George Washington Junior.—A chip of the old block.

Mr. Slocum.—The New York *Squirrel's* Special repeater with annexation balance.

The Chairman.—One who does not say much, but eats a great deal.

Paul Ford—A believer in Liberty—and Chops.

Scenes—New York, Washington, and Benglarry in the distance.

Time—Now.

78029

The *raison d'être* of these papers will be explained by the following letter which came into the hands of the Editor.

Office of the EGOTIST.

Montreal, Dec., 30th, 1879.

Dear Mak'Faster,

All is darkness. In vain the People grope for Light. They can't see it. But the Finality is at hand. Prepare for such a flood of the outpourings, bitternesses, and yearnings of oppressed spirits as was never yet beheld by a suffering but too patient People whose appeals for RIGHT are stifled by the iron hoof of an arrogant and miserable Party press, whose god is Patronage. It is your high privilege to help in this soulful work. Come early! come, anyway!! But come!!!

Yours, in sympathy,

Cacr ethes Scribendi Jay.

P.S.—Chops and talk, Tuesday, at eight, sharp.

"I suppose you'll join us, Ford?" asked the recipient of this soul-reviving document.

"Join you? OF course. It's the 'chops' that decide me. "But how about the stakes?"

"Well, we'll talk about the stakes later."

I thought long and anxiously upon this great and glorious scheme. I sat up nights pondering how we could fan the lambent glow of Public Opinion into the white heat of Independent action. How we could free over four million people from the bondage of the *Globe* and *Gazette*; how we could foster a scheme by wh h every man might become his own millionaire; how that this miserab. wooden Country might be made the Paradise of the Free; how that every man might become his own Sovereign and never want for change, and I thought and thought, until I worked myself up to the necessary condition of enthusiasm, and shouted "give me Victory or give me Chops' that is my motto." These are the reasons which induced me to join the Public Notoriety Club.

THE CLUB IN SESSION, &c.

Tuesday came and I hied me to the "Windsor." I arrayed me in my white tie and evening dress, for even the most approved form of Democracy likes to put on airs at times. The red cap of Liberty is only used on strikes, when it can contrast to advantage on the top of barricades.

Under such circumstances it is the proper thing to wear. On my way to the *rendezvous* I talked politics to the carter, just to air my views, so to speak.

"My friend" I remarked," what's your opinion of this Canada of ours?"

" Canada's well enough. It's them thats in it, I complain of."

" Exactly, my fellow citizen, in me you behold a kindred spirit; one who is the champion of Free Thought; one who can sympathize with your wrongs and sufferings; one who believes that an unfettered nobility of soul is man's proudest heritage. Now, tell me, how many hours toil you in this Arctic clime for your miserable, daily pittance?"

" Be your name McLaughlin, Sir? I've heerd him talk just like that at Chaboillez Square. I tell you he's a buster on the talk and there's nothing mean about him, neither."

" Nay, my friend, my name is not McLaughlin, but, tell me, what are your average earnings?"

" When I meets gents, like you, they most allus give's me fifty cents. Cheap fares is the cuss o' this city."

" They are, they are, I know it, " and with a deep sigh I flung him a quarter. I didn't wait to hear what he said, but it was the free expression of the vexed spirit within him.

The colored citizen who relieved me of my overcoat and rubbers kindly informed me " dat the Polygamy Club met in nummer sum."

It was a distinguished assembly I met in " number seven." The dinner table, which appeared to be the centre of, attraction was arranged horse-shoe fashion. Happy augury of a hopeful Cause! A dozen or so of the mightiest minds in the country were toasting their legs in front of the fire. Each had distinguished himself by failing in something. Some had failed in Literature! but through no fault of their own estimate of their powers as levers of their own opinions; some had failed in making the Anglo-Franco-Hibernian-Scottish-Canadian-National-Society a glorious success; others had had Government appointments and failed in keeping them; some had failed in persuading the people of the Eastern Townships that Principle was the mother of Politics. In brief, there was enough hidden fire in the hearts of those present to have set the Universe ablaze, if but a match dry enough to start it could be found. Every person had come properly wound up, and warranted to go for three hours without losing a minute. The editorial " I," met upon an equal footing with the editorial " We" of another nation. The Englishman, the French

Canadian, the Scottish Canadian, the Canadian proper and improper were as those to whom nationality was second to self. The good natured "local member" of a local legislature several hundred miles from his own *locale* was there to give the meeting tone—a Gallic tone, so to speak. I was there to eat chops, and liberty on toast. Take it for all in all it was a goodly gathering. Economy was supposed to be the principal motive for which they were met, Economy at one dollar a head, not including wine or strong drink. But then those who have their pockets full are best fitted to discuss Economy, upon the same rule that incoming Administrations always play off Economy as the "little joker" in the euchre deck of the political pack. It is always a trump card to play, and so these gentlemen like astute players as they were, held it back and disguised their "hand" as long as it was necessary to do so.

"I think we are all here," said the Rev. Cacoethes Scribendi Jay.

"Let us begin," replied Mr. Mak'Faster.

"Gentlemen take your seats, call in the waiters."

And they sat down and fell to, stimulated by the knowledge of wrongs endured by the oppressed millions of a Party Press, outside. The French members started with soup.

"By the way we have not said grace," I observed to the Rev. Mr. Jay,

"Please don't talk 'shop' here—that sort of thing will do for tea meetings and socials, but here it is out of place."

I very properly subsided and told him if he wasn't particular it was a matter of indifference to me.

There was enough, and to spare. It was a standing rule with this excellent Club that nobody should talk during dinner. To do one thing at a time and to do it well is a wise maxim. The bill of fare was well worth the money. After the courses had been carefully stowed away the President signalled one of the waiters "*to bring in the wind.*" The wind was enclosed in a bag something like the bag of a bag pipe.

"What's that for?" I asked of a member.

O, that is a little invention of the Vice-President, and is especially designed for theu se of members who are unaccustomed to public speaking. It's an excellent idea, because, you see, after they take a pretty good pull at the nozzle of the machine, they *must* talk or *bust*! our chief difficulty so far, is to prevent the inexperienced members from all talking at once. One man got so full of talk at our last meeting that we had to leave him talking to the waiter, to whom we had to pay fifty

cents an hour. You'd scarcely believe it, perhaps, but that man was put to bed at three o'clock still talking about "Grant's third term" and the Mechanics Bank, and the waiter was found sitting alongside fast asleep. That member has'nt been here since, but we are now getting used to regulating the nozzle by a supply valve arranged upon a sliding scale at intervals of a half hour's supply at a time."

"By Jove you ought to patent this and send it out during election contests. The inventor would make a fortune out of it. It would be just the thing for Sweathom."

"Gentlemen," said the Chairman, "it is now in order to talk. Our estimable member Mr. Cacoethes Scribindi Jay, feels that the spell is in him and would like to say a few words upon 'the Poverty of knowledge of Canadians,' excepting of course, the members of this Club."

WHAT THE REV. CACOETHES SCRIBENDI JAY SAID.

The gentleman rose, ran his fingers through his curly locks, and said, amidst the most impressive silence :—

Mr. Chairman, and Brethren : you will excuse me it I talk chiefly about Myself, because that is a subject upon which I feel most competent in giving an Opinion. Indeed, it is a subject with which I may say I possess an intimate and personal acquaintance. It is a glorious theme —the more so, because I have the honor to speak to comparatively uneducated men, as nearly all Canadians are, without a knowledge as to what comprises real independence of Thought. Some of you, I am aware, are for the moment, Conservatives, others are Liberals, while the most of you amount to—nothing. Mark you gentlemen I use the term "nothing" strictly in its "Economical" sense. But to revert to Myself. Once I held forth in a busy manufacturing town of England. They could'nt appreciate me, and I left. That was their misfortune, my ideas were too pronounced for the slow-going people with whom I had to deal. For I am a Progressive man. I chafe under inaction. I am a Child of Storm. I love the fierce, raging tempest. I love the fitful gleams of forked lightning and I listen to the thundrous Voice of the elements as to the tones of a mighty Orator—the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, for instance. Well, my brethren—I beg pardon, gentlemen, I came to this frigid Colony, to this extreme of heat and cold, and I found an ignorant People without an Opinion ; with no ideas worth the name of an Idea, and a People content to follow in the leading strings of George Brown and Tom White. Well, brethren—gentlemen, I am here. (Applause) I found my mission a hard

one. To enlighten upwards of four millions of prejudiced souls was no easy task. I came to save Canada. (Immense applause.)

A MEMBER.—I scarcely think the salvation of Canada rests with the speaker. (Cries of "turn him out.")

A MEMBER—I apologize, gentlemen, it was the wind bag, pray do not think I meant any harm. I feel easier now. I *had* to say something.

Mr. Jay continued :—I have the courage of my thoughts : I say I come to save Canada. I am come. I saw the people of Quebec were the tools of a degenerate Episcopacy, so I slaughtered the priests, and spared not the self-styled Bishops of the Anglican Church. There was only one thing wanting to complete my success. I longed to get shot in the fleshly part of my thigh. I should have been a martyr, second only to St. Lawrence. Maybe that happy moment will come. Let me hope so. (Cries of hear, hear,) I have lectured for the Scotch and was for the nonce, a true Scot; I have spoken for the St. Georges Society, for sometimes "I am an Englishman." I have set the town agog and hundreds have thronged to hear me, and I had almost fancied myself an Apostle. And yet this People have not been truly converted. But they are improving. Seeing the manner in which the arrogant and overweening *Globe* assumes to itself the autocracy of a political Despot, I started the *Egotist*. It has not yet fulfilled its high mission, but it *will*, yes, gentlemen, it will—upon the limited liability principle—yet accomplish this needful work. And who shall say that I have shrank from free controversy—I who am the chief of controversialists? I take no stock in your passive editorial "WE's" who shrink from the shadow of their own indentity. It is I, I, I—all my I and nobody else's who will accomplish this great thing. Without me you can do nothing. I do not follow in the wake of what is erroneously termed Public Sentiment, I lead it. I create it, and the time will come when I shall control it. I include Myself not among your weak-kneed politicians. My Nature is not to cringe and bow, it is rather to command, to lead, and let not no ass bray when I speak. (Great cheering). This Colony is a poor wooden colony at best, full of crude notions and small conceptions. I would make it INDEPENDENT. I would free it from the hateful yoke of dependency. Perhaps among the few, but very few I fear, there are to be found the germs of a tolerable intelligence, but the great majority know nothing — nay, scarcely that. The Sculptor has thought me no unworthy subject for his plaster cast, and though a modest man, Myself, yet methinks there are to be seen in the outlines of yonder image, which adorns my study, the

nobility of Intellect, which is my greatest Strength. I might have been a politician had it so suited my fancy, and erstwhile I had pictured to Myself the *prestige* which would have been joined to that constituency which might have had the honor of returning me to an illiterate Parliament. But I found not one worthy. Gentlemen, if you would know what untrammelled Moral Force is, read the *Egotist*. It is just what you need; it is better than the *Globe* for it is *free*; it is superior to the *Gazette* for it is independent; it is purer than the *Herald*, for it is not so ungrammatical; it is holier than the *Witness* for it is edited by the chief of Zion. If you cannot understand it, it is because your notions of matters and things are, as yet, undeveloped. Study it's utterances out for yourselves, for I, Myself, confess the stupendousness of my first thoughts sometimes surpass my human comprehension. (Hear, hear and cheers.) And to you my French Canadian *confreres*, with whom I have had many pleasant meetings in my *sanctum*, to you I say there must be a change. Let it be Independence, Separation, nay Annexation, or whatever name you may call it by, it *must* come. You, whom by the accident of birth Nature decreed should be of French descent; you with your historic glory, chivalry, and spirit will assist us. (Bravo, cheers). We know no nationality in this thing. Our common Manhood is the only nationality we recognize. It is a pleasure for me to know that one of you once held a position as representative of a feeble and ignorant People at the World's Centennial. You did what you could, and if you did it badly, the fault was not yours so much as those whom you represented. I am glad to know you resigned your appointment for conscience' sake when the display of mightier nations than yours had come to an end. So it is for you to carve out Canada's future among those of your own race. But we must remember that whatever be our mission; call it, by any name you will, I beg of you go slow at first, for you will meet with revilings and and scoffings. Greater men than you have experienced them. I have felt them and still I am not ashamed. That which will give notoriety to this Club; that which will advance the cause of self-advancement I favor, and remember, pray remember, that I am open for anything by which I can become greater than I am, although I affirm it, I am yet the Greatest among you. Gentlemen, I have done. My wind bag is empty and I pray you to join with me in drinking the first and greatest of all toasts—"Ourselves."

The toast was drunk with the utmost enthusiasm and with highland honors, to which however, Mr. Jay objected on the ground that the

fashion was too common, and savored of barbaric rudeness. A compromise was effected and each member drank twice.

Gentlemen, Monsieur Zero will respond.

Monsieur ZERO responded as follows :

Gentlemen—Ze toast vas vell buttered, as you call it, and I like him mooch. Ven I represent the leetle glory of this von horse country of Canada at ze great exposition, I tinks to myself vat a grand peoples the peoples of the United States is, and I have tink so evare since. Since dat time I have been out of vork, and I am vare likely to be out of vork viles dis *Govournment* last. As Mr. Jay vill say he is a great man. He is almost as great a man as myself. I like dose leetle meetings and I like great men vith plenty to eat and to drink, and to say. It is ze fashion of my nation to do dese tings vith *bonhommic.* But, messieurs, ve have a duty to pairform. Dat duty is to talk, and I guess I can talk vith any man in dis room. My nation is vairy *fatigue* with de manner vich de country is governed. You find ze real estate is nuthings of value. You find ze assignees no longer can make a leevin. You see everyvare de signs of *ennui* vich ze Policy Nationale ave brought upon ze country. Vat ve call Loyalty? *Pouf,* it is *rien.* Ze only Loyalty vich I tink is ze best is ze Loyalty to ourselves. *Voila c'est premier consideration.* (Hear, Hear.) I say dis because it is so. Ze only hope for dis country, this poor country, is to go vith ze peoples of *la Republique Americaine* vich is vat ve must come to, if ve vould be a mighty and prosperous nation vith sometings to do. Ve vants no rulare, but de vill of ze people, ve vants sheap food, sheap houses, and peoples like me in ze *Gouvernment* vith a good big salary for doing nothins. But I speak not so mooch for my nation as I speak for myself. Monsieur Jay ave said to ze meetings about ze *Egotiste.* It is a vare good paper to buy for nuthins but I tinks my journal *Le Canard de la Liberté* vill be vat my nation vant, and by ze time ze first volume have finished *Le Marseillaise* vill be ze national song of ze country. Dat's ze kind of man I am, and vith *l'argent* from Vashington I build ze statue of *liberté* in ze *Place D'Armes* at my own expenses. (Great cheers.) Messieurs, you vill see vat you vill see and vat you vill see vill be vuth seeing. If my vind bag vas not expired I might tells you sometings but ze time vill come ven ze New York *Squirrel* vill ave on ze top of ze paper "VOTE FOR MONSIEUR ZERO FOR PRESIDENT!"—Messieurs I tanks you vith *grand plaisir* and I vill now call on Monsieur Ford for ze next toast.

Gentlemen, I observed: The magnificence of your speculations has awed me. I scarcely know which to admire most; your unbounded eloquence; your zeal in talking, or--your chops. But eloquence and patriotism are invariably connected with eating. The sentiments of the most untutored nations of the earth are a unit upon the subject of dinners. Your platform has evidently been erected upon "the go-as-you-please" foundation. There is a marvellous sympathy between the brain and the stomach and I congratulate you upon the pleasure you appear to derive in scratching each others backs. But eating, as you are doubtless aware, is not so cheap as talking. We can't be always eating, but we can talk to the end of time. We are all patriots, more or less, according to our opportunities. If there isn't an opportunity, you know how to make one. If your attempts succeed half so well as the *Egotist*, your triumph is assured. Who ever heard of a Patriot who was afflicted with dumbness? Who ever heard of a Patriot who could not revolutionize an Empire with the aid of a knife and fork? Who ever heard of a Patriot who did not burn to help the oppressed, regardless of creed or nationality, in all things, save the money with which to defray the cost of the advertisement? You are ignorant; but bear in mind the chief of Patriots has his "I" upon you. Let that nerve you into action. The more ignorant the people, the greater your prospects of reward. History has asserted this over and over again. Take the Zulus for instance, next in intelligence to yourselves, and that I am sure you will accept as a complement,—take the Zulus, and you will find they were taken in and done for by a man of far inferior capacity to yours. Dunn has done his work, and he is now enjoying his reward. *That* is what I call pure patriotism, with a twenty-five per cent. dividend tacked on to it. He saw his opportunity and profited by it, and I would wager any amount of money (if I had it) that the leaders of this oratorical gathering, wont disregard the profits if there are any attached to the speculation, which fact you will permit me to observe is doubtful. Gentlemen you have commenced well. "Go in" for all you can get, for I am very sure some of you wont lose much, for the reason you have'nt anything to lose. (Hear, Hear) That fact I am happy to state is the motive power of the majority of modern patriots. In this connection I would propose most respectfully the toast of "Our Creditors—Do they think of us at home?"

THE CHAIRMAN—I regret to say the toast is out of order. The object of this Club is, by the first clause of our Constitution, to "elevate ourselves"—*not* our Creditors. The gentlemen, however, can introduce it

under the head of "new business" at the proper time. I would now request Mr. George Washington Junior, to say a few words upon "Speculative Patriotism." But before proceeding with his remarks I would beg to remind the gentlemen, that Monsieur Zero is about to proceed to Washington to get a subsidy from the Secret Service Department to launch his new paper *Le Canard de la Liberté*, with the proceeds of which we expect to defray the cost of our next banquet. (Applause) Let me observe however, in order to facilitate the expression of free opinion, that that excellent journal the *Egotist* and *Le Canard de la Liberté*, when it comes out, will be sent to subscribers for the price of one subscription. We shall now have much pleasure in listening to Mr. George Washington Junior. The gentleman was received with immense cheering.

MR. GEORGE WASHINGTON JUNIOR (*to the waiter*) No, thanks, I'll dispense with the wind bag as I have plenty of material of my own.

Gentlemen: I am, as you know, a man of plain speech. When I say a thing I don't go around half a block to say it, I come at once to the point. (Hear, Hear.) To call a spade an instrument of agriculture is to waste one's time, and time is money. Thirty days, I believe (and upwards) is the usual period of time which represents money. In the first place I would ask you: What has England ever done for you—or me? Has the Queen ever invited us to dine with her? No. And I hold it is the first duty of a Sovereign to cultivate the personal acquaintance of her subjects,—their wants, their wishes, their happiness. Has the whole history of England ever given us a single suggestion or thing whereby we might become a People worthy the name of a Power? No. (Hear, Hear.) Here the speaker was addressed by Mr. Jay in an undertone.

Mr. George Washington Junior, continuing: I am reminded by the gentleman that I am only partly correct. England has given us Mr. Jay. (Immense applause) England's ingratitude was Mr. Jay's opportunity. (Great cheering.) We are reminded of that fact constantly. (Hear,hear.) But we in Canada are so ignorantly stupid we need to be reminded of many things which we are apt to forget. Has thesemi-royal Court at Ottawa done anything for us? No. On the contrary, it snubbed us. Do we forget the bitter fact that Montreal's offer to erect a Vice regal residence at her own expense was refused with cold indifference? No. (Applause) I say that refusal was an insult to real-estate owners of this City. I repeat that the fact of over three thousand persons who have left Ottawa during the past twelve months is a sign of the unpopularity of British connexion. Let the People take heed for I tell you, gentlemen,

the time is coming when the Republic so close at hand will no longer suffer to remain the quiet neighbor she now is. (Hear, hear.) I tell you, gentlemen, you see the significant signs of the times everywhere you go. In every Street in this City you are reminded in big black type something is "To Let." And I defy contradiction when I assert from the Atlantic to the Pacific Canada is "To Let." Do you suppose that if we were an independent people this would be the case? (Cries of "no" "no.") Rents would go up fifty per cent. Notaries would soon be able to retire on the history of their past "deeds." But as things are now, it is the rents that go down,and the real estate interests that "go up." I look at this thing with practical eyes. The only Courts we want in Canada are Circuit Courts, and there is no fear that they will soon die out. Let us look at this thing manfully, for it needs looking into. Can *we* approach the Throne and make complaint? No. Compare the facility of approach which the People of the Republic have in getting to the presence of the greatest Sovereign on earth—the President of the United States. (Enthusiastic cheers.) That wise and good man, who came into this world without a cent can be seen by everybody, from the greatest to the humblest. You have only to give a Dollar (that beautiful emblem of the almighty power of American independence) to the usher at the White House, and you can order him up and see him at any moment. There, every man is an aristocrat by nature, and a general by instinct. There, every man is an "Honorable" man, and one of the most remarkable men in the country. We have nothing to equal them in Canada, and so progressive are these people, and so eager for popular Government that in some States they elect two Governors at a time. (Cheers.) In nothing can we compare with them. They are a People of Electric light in comparison with whose brilliancy our "gas" emits but a feeble flame. There is no use in beating about the bush. That is the duty of the immigrant who after he has beaten about it until he has no money left to beat around it anymore, he beats his way to the United States, where he has something like a chance to become a self-made man. I believe in binding a nation together by the strong tie of a ten years lease. Looking at ourselves from every point of view, we are simply a one-horse People, and it must be self evident to you all that we must either go to the States, or the States must come to us. Gentlemen I am with you in this great work and, believe me, that when the time comes for passing around the subscription list you will find me at my office—if I am not out of town. (Great applause.)

THE CHAIRMAN—I am glad to observe such a feeling of unanimity in

this work. As the hour is getting late, I am afraid you will not have time to listen to our young orator Mr. Mak'Faster, but you in all probability will have the pleasure of hearing his views upon a future occasion. I will now conclude this meeting by impressing you with the fact that the object of the Public Notoriety Club is, for the moment, strictly confidential. Of course we need new members and it will not do to shock them by telling them too soon the ultimate design we have in view. Great events move slowly, and if we may reckon the greatness of ours by the rapidity of its locomotion, then it will be great indeed. (Hear, Hear.) So we must break it to them gently. Remember that thousands yet unborn are clamoring for freedom. Mr. Zero will now sing the "Star Spangled Banner" in French. That gentleman did it full justice, after which the proceedings terminated in the most cordial manner. Every member parted on the best of terms with himself.

Mr. Mak'Faster in New York.

Who has not heard of the New York *Squirrel?* Who has not seen it and read it, and admired its matchless enterprise, and its utter disregard of what others think about it? The *Squirrel* never does anything by halves. If it wishes to climb a tree in Central Africa he climbs it regardless of expense. When he wishes to flatter the vanity of rising young members of Canadian Legislatures he places a column at their service. The *Squirrel* had heard of the Club's doings at Montreal, and saw a chance of increasing his circulation across the line.

"Mr. Slocum," said the City Editor of the *Squirrel* to the boss Interviewer "there's a Canuck at the Grand Paragon Hotel who wants to be interviewed. Go and see him."

"How much shall I give him?"

"Say, a column, and if he isn't worth that boil him down to a half.- Make it strong."

"You'll find him in No. 116 with a couple of friends from Montreal" said the diamond studded Clerk of the 'Paragon.' "I guess you wont have much trouble in fetching him, he puts on 'side' quite naturally as if he was used to it," and the functionary resumed picking his teeth with a gold tooth-pick, which he carefully wiped on his coat sleeve, put it in his vest pocket and hummed "Things are seldom what they seem."

The *Squirrel* man gave his card to the colored detective in the passage and was requested to walk in.

"I kinder reckun you're the Honorable Mr. Mak'Faster, Senator from the *Ontario* Province of Canady?"

'My name *is* Mak'Faster, but unfortunately I'm not a Senator—yet.'

"The thunder yon aint! maybe you're a Judge, Cunnel."

"Nor a judge. I simply represent the Gallic constituency of Benglarry a humble and modest people in the education of whom I have devoted the earlier part of my life's work."

"But you live in Montreal."

"Very true, so I do."

"Say Mr. Mak'Faster I didn't come here to quote 'Pinafore.' In *our* country Senators most generally live in the States that elect 'em. Bu' you Canucks always was a queer people. And what are the views of the Benglarry folks on annexation? They kinder want to jine us I reckon?t

"For Heaven's sake, man, dont go and put that in your paper, it would knock me higher than a kite. You will understand that in my capacity as an individual I reserve the right of an unfettered expression of opinion, but in my capacity as Member for Benglarry, I am not the kind of man you take me for."

"Well suppose we let Benglarry slide, though I guess they'd go for you lively if they thought you wanted to bust the Monarchy, wouldn't they? I opine Ben Glarry would get real mad? That kind of gentleman only wears a coat of one colour made of good Scotch tweed. I was up that way myself once, so I cant say that I'm altogether unacquainted."

"Well, you're not very far wrong. Tell me, what do you want to know?"

"I want to know, first, whether you intend going back on this interview? If you do, I dont want to know anything. If you're going to act square I'll give you one hour to let out all you want, for this is the land of Liberty and the home of the brave. While you talk I'll smoke.' (Slocum never took notes except head notes.) But before you commence I may as well tell you I'm going to spread on this thing, and the *Squirrel* aint to be tooled. Our circulation in Canady aint what it ought to be, although its improving, but yet we sell a considerable number. Of course I understand your going to speak in your capacity as a private citizen of advanced Ideas. Go ahead. I'm listening, and remember while your addressing me you are talking to the world, and dont you forget it."

"I feel honored Sir," said Mr. Mak'Faster. "Try one of my cigars" and he handed Slocum an excellent sample of a Canadian havana. "You must bear in mind," he continued "that Canada has passed through

many changes; it is a Country of constant change. We change our political administration continually, and every time we change our Government we change our public servants. Canada under the old *regimé* was simply a stolen legacy for the imperious nobles of haughty Britain."

"That's good," said Slocum, "and will read well in print. I'll put 'imperious nobles' under a 'cap head.' Good. Go ahead."

"Where was I? Ah, yes, I remember I was speaking of the imperious nobles whose younger sons filled the posts of honor in the *suites* of effete Provincial Governors. But all that has passed away. Several of them now are chopping wood in Manitoba, while the rest are waiting for remittances. We are at present in the sixth stage of our history as a people. The other five stages were: 1st Conquest. 2nd The distribution of land patents. 3rd The conciliation of a conquered people. 4th The creation of Provincial Debt. 5th Confederation. And, Sixth, the slow but sure growth of a desire for nationality in which we, as a People, can be free to decide what is best for us, regardless of the captious criticism of Party or Creed. Our politics are widely different to yours, but beyond the mere party names they do not possess any significance. For instance I was elected as a Conservative, simply because I wouldn't have stood any chance as a Liberal.

"Never mind the political business, I want you to trot out that 'seventh stage' of yours."

"Ah yes. In order for you to more plainly comprehend what I mean I would say what the people of Canada need, is a Government of progressive Ideas, whose best interests will be determined principally by the desire for a wider and more practical form of self Government by which they will be entitled to control their own affairs regardless of the relationship which at presents exists among the chief Executive officers who represent a power which virtually detracts from that self-governing spirit in the sense of its complete right to pronounce upon the adjudication of affairs which are principally affected by Imperial interests and are made superior to all other considerations. And until we are in that position we shall never become a nation."

"Then you go square for Annexation?"

"Well, I am scarcely prepared to say that, and I dont think the use of the term is popular in Canada. But what you call 'Annexation' in the United States, is known as the study of Political Economy, in Montreal."

"I see, said Slocum," you want to let the Monarchy down easy at first. Well, I reckon you're head's level on phraseology, anyway." I guess I'll be able to fix this thing pretty straight. And, I dont mind if I do have another cigar. Thanks."

Mr. Slocun returned to the *Squirrel* office.

"Well, how did you make out?" enquired the City Editor.

"Had a first rate time, I guess we'll make it pretty strong in the morning. Them Canucks want to join us real bad. They're dying to 'annex,' whether we want to take 'em in or not. They say we *must* have 'em."

Next morning Mr. Mak'Faster saw himself immortalized in the columns of the *New York Squirrel.* It was perhaps a pardonable vanity, but it was not calculated to inspire him with that supreme satisfaction he had anticipated. "And this is what he call 'letting the Monarchy down easy is it?"

Upon his return to Montreal he found his fame had preceded him as will be seen by the following letter from his constituents:

BLENGARRY, ONT., Jan., 2nd, 1880.

Roland Archibald Campbell Wallace Bruce Mak'Faster, Esq., M.P.P.

SIR.—Yon New York paper the *Squirel* has been chargin' you we favourin' annexation. Yon *Globe* has done the same thing, Noo, Sir, we wish tae inform ye that we didna elec' you tae air yer views on sic matters. Indeed, sir, whaur'eer ye gang, you maun aye keep in mind that we chose you to represent us in yon Ontorio Hoose o' Parliament as loyal subjecs. It didna matter tae us what may happen when a hunner years has gang bye, but it makes us baith sair vexed an' angry tae find that a clever young chiel like yersel, should waste his time in huntin' after cheap notoriety, when he might use it tae better advantage in promotin' our interest an' helpin' tae build the Coteau Brig, which is far mair tae us wha sent ye tae Parliament than a' yer annexation nonsense. We want tae have nae mair o' sic foolishness or else we shall have tae get anither body next election.

Yours,

MACDOUGALL DOUGLAS SCOTT,
Of the Clan Campbell.

The Political Salvation of Canada has not yet been accomplished and the members of the Public Notoriety Club have not met since. I understand the Club's wind bag is about to collapse.

at first.
uess I'll
lo have

e morn-
annex,'
'em."
columns
, but it
he had
wn easy

him as

d, 1880.
.P.P.
you we
, Sir, we
matters.
ve chose
subjecs.
as gang
a clever
er cheap
otin' our
ir tae us
We want
t anither

COTT,
Campbell.
shed and
I under-

J. G. PARKS,

Photographer,

1951 ST. JAMES STREET,

MONTREAL.

STEREOSCOPIC and OTHER VIEWS,

LANTERN SLIDES, &c.

Gallery is replete with Choice Specimens.

Mr. Parks has been awarded twelve First Prizes at various exhibitions.

T. J. DAWSON,

239 ST. JAMES STREET, 239

(Opposite Ottawa Hotel,)

MONTREAL.

Importer of

LADIES' FANCY DRESS GOODS,

MANTLES AND MILLINERY,

Has made extensive arrangements for a large importation of Choice Millinery Goods for Spring and Summer wear. Ladies from a distance can depend upon their orders being faithfully executed in the latest style.

MORE POPULAR THAN EVER!

OUR

MONTREAL TELEGRAPH PEN

Is the Best COMMERCIAL PEN in use

See that you get this Pen with our name on each Pen and Box, as imitations are imposed on the Public.

PRICE, 50 Cts. PER GROSS BOX,

Mailed Free on receipt of Price.

MURRAY & CO.,

STATIONERS' HALL, 231 M'GILL ST.

2nd door from St. James St.

GENTLEMEN

Requiring First-Class

Perfect Fitting Shirts,

Would do well to leave their orders with

W. PRINGLE,

46 ST. RADEGONDE ST.

VICTORIA SQUARE

A. M. ALLAN & CO.

Merchant Tailors

—AND—

Dry Goods Merchants,

77 ST. JOSEPH ST.,

MONTREAL.

First-class Work in Tailoring.

MERCHANT

TAILOR & OUTFITTER.

A. McKENZIE,

94 ST. JOSEPH STREET,

MONTREAL.

All orders promptly executed in latest style, with best materials.

AT LOWEST CASH PRICES.